[3.]

ON THE

DEATH

OF OUR LATE

SOVEREIGN LORD

King CHARLES II.

OF

BLESSED MEMORY.

A

PINDARIQUE ODE.

BY

THOMAS FLATMAN.

O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus & quantum ſat erit Tua dicere facta!

Virgil.

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STANZA I.

ALas! Why are we tempted to complain,
That Heav'n is deaf to all our cries!
Regardleſs of poor Mortals miſeries!
And all our fervent Pray'rs devoutly vain!
'Tis hard to think th' immortal Powers attend
Human affairs, who raviſh from our ſight
The *Man*, on whom ſuch Bleſſings did depend,
Heav'ns, and Mankind's Delight!
The *Man!* O that opprobrious word *The Man!*
Whoſe meaſure of duration's but a Span,

Some other Name at *Babel* ſhould have been contriv'd
(By all the vulgar World t' have been receiv'd)
A *Word* as near as could be to Divinity,
Appropriate to *Crown'd Heads*, who never ought to Die;
Some ſignal Word that ſhould imply
All but the ſcandal of Mortality.
'Tis fit, we little lumps of crawling Earth,
Deriv'd from a Plebeian birth,
Such as our frail Forefathers were,
Should to our primitive Duſt repair;
But *Princes* (like the wondrous *Enoch*) ſhould be free
From Death's unbounded Tyranny,
And when their Godlike Race is run,
And nothing glorious left undone,
Never ſubmit to Fate, but only Diſappear.

II.

But, ſince th' eternal Law will have it ſo
That *Monarchs* prove at laſt but finer Clay,
What can their humble Vaſſals do?
What Reverence; what Devotion can we pay,
When theſe, our earthly Gods, are ſnatch'd away?
Yes, we can mourn, Yes, we can beat our breſt,
Yes, we can call to mind thoſe happy dayes
Of Pleaſure, and of Reſt,
When *CHARLES* the Merciful did reign,
That *Golden Age*, when void of cares,

All

All the long Summer's day,
We *Atoms* in *His* beams might ſport, and play:
Yes, we can teach our Children to bewail
His fatal Loſs, when we ſhall fail,
And make Babes learn in after days
The pretty way of ſtammering out *His* Praiſe,
His merited praiſe, which ſhall in every Age
With all advantage flame,
In ſpight of Furies, or infernal Rage,
And imp the Wings, and ſtretch the Lungs of Fame.

III.

Excellent *Prince*, whom every Mouth did bleſs,
And every bended knee adore,
On whom we gaz'd with ecſtaſies of Joy
(A Viſion which did ſatisfie, but never cloy)
From whom we dated all our happineſs,
And from above could ask no more,
Our gladſome Cup was fill'd till it ran o'r.
Our Land (like *Eden*) flouriſh'd in *His* time,
Defended by an *Angels* Sword,
A terrour 'twas to thoſe abroad,
But all was *Paradiſe* to thoſe within:
Nor could th' Old Serpent's Stratagem
Ever ſupplant *His* well-watch'd Diadem.
Excellent *Prince*, of whom we once did ſay
With a triumphant noiſe,

In one united voice,
On that *ſtupendious Day*,
Long live, Long live the King!
And Songs of IO PÆAN Sing,
How ſhall we bear this Tragical Surprize,
Now we muſt change *Long Live*, for *Here He Lies*?

IV.

Have you forgot? (but who can *Him* forget?)
You watchful Spirits that preſide
O'r ſublunary things,
Who, when you look beneath, do oft deride,
Not without cauſe, ſome other petty Kings;
Have you forgot the greatneſs of *His* mind,
The bravery of *His* elevated Soul,
(But *He* had ſtill a *Goſhen* there)
When darkeſt Cares around *His* Royal heart did wind,
As Waves about a ſteddy Rock do roul:
With what diſdain *He* view'd
The fury of the giddy multitude,
And bare the *Croſs*, with more than manly fortitude,
As *He* had learn'd in Sacred Lore,
His mighty Maſter had done long before.
And you muſt ever own
(Or elſe you very little know
Of what we think below)
That when the Hurricanes of th' State were o'r,

When in *His* noon-tide blaze *He* did appear,
His gently awful brow
Added freſh luſtre to th' Imperial *Crown*,
By Birthright, and by Virtue, more than once *His* own.

V.

He was! — but what *He* was, how great, how good,
How juſt, how *He* delighted not in blood,
How full of pity, and how ſtrangely kind,
How hazardouſly conſtant to *His* Friend,
In Peace how glorious, and in War how brave,
Above the charms of Life, and terrors of the Grave;
When late Poſterity ſhall tell:
What *He* has done ſhall to a Volume ſwell,
And every Line abound with Miracle
In that prodigious *Chronicle*.
Forgive (*unbody'd Sovereign*) forgive,
And from your ſhining Manſion caſt an Eye
To pity our officious Blaſphemy,
When we have ſaid the Beſt we can conceive.
Here ſtop (preſumptuous Muſe!) thy daring flight,
Here hide thy baffled head in ſhades of night,
Thou too obſcure, thy dazling *Theme* too bright,
For what thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, (with grief ſtruck dumb)
Will more emphatically be ſupply'd
By the joint Groans of melancholy Chriſtendom.

TO HIS

SACRED MAJESTY

King JAMES II.

DRead *Prince!* Whom all the world admires, and fears,
By Heav'n design'd to wipe away our tears,
To heal our wounds, and drooping ſpirits raiſe,
And to revive our former *Halcyon* dayes,
Permit us to aſſure our ſelves, that You,
Your happy *Brothers* fortune will purſue,
For what great thing is that *You* dare not do?
Whoſe long known, unexampled Gallantry
So oft has ſhaken th' Earth, and curb'd the haughty Sea.
And may thoſe Stars, that ever o'r *You* ſhone,
Double their influence on *Your* peaceful Throne.
May *You* in honourable Deeds out-ſhine
The brighteſt *Heroes* of *Your Royal* Line,
That when *Your* Enemies ſhall the Scepter ſee
Graſp'd in a hand enur'd to Victory,
The Rebels may like *Lucifer* fall down,
Or fly, like Phantoms from the riſing Sun.

FINIS.